

THE HAUNTING EYE

By DAVID HILL

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My object in visiting the asylum was one of curiosity. The gibberings of the insane, their hallucinations, sardonic laughter, queer and erratic ways always fascinated and held me entranced. Being a physician, and well-known at the institution, my presence was always welcome, and ample time was given me to eate to my peculiar whims.

One day in room 48 I encountered a new subject. He stood at the grated door while I was talking with one of the attendants in the corridor, and when I had finished, motioned me to approach. I did so, at the same time noticing his shapely form, well-chiseled face, his deathly pallor, and the uneasy shifting of his coal-black eyes.

"Like your looks," he said, regarding me critically. "It is my desire to trust you with a secret. May I be allowed?"

"Certainly," I replied.

"I am glad of that," he answered. "That I am not insane, and entered this institution of my own volition, does not matter. My confession relates to the cause—my willingness to be incarcerated without the protest usually advanced by subjects who are insane."

"I understand," I replied, wishing to humor him. Then, as he paused and glanced uneasily into the open space behind me, I added: "I am prepared to listen."

"I fancied I heard a step," he rejoined, again turning his attention to me as if relieved. "My nerves are at so high a tension of late that psychological illusions are quite frequent. I imagine sights and sounds that do not exist only in the environment of the brain; but—never mind, he added, brushing the black curls away from his forehead as if to brush away the incident.

After another prolonged pause, during which he glanced up and down the corridor with all the alertness of a cat watching for a mouse, he continued: "You will notice I am not old in years, and possibly not ill-favored in contour of face. If lines of dissipation are at all apparent it is not the result of intoxicants, remember that and yet, I have been dissipated to some extent, a fortune which has furnished me a life of luxury and ease is partially responsible for this. It has led me to dissipate not in liquors, which I naturally abhor, but in love of woman, which is not a holy love such as you might expect. Woman has been my folly—my disgrace—my ruin. To the fruits of this unhappy love I attribute my present position."

"Many have followed in your footsteps," I said, by way of continuing the subject.

"To true," he muttered, sadly and remissively, "only by different routes. Some lead downward more weirdly and incongruously than others, mine is one. But—listen. Adelade Lamphere was beautiful in form and feature—and well-modeled form and feature I was."

"But this rainbow-tinted happiness could not last. There were other sylph-like maidens I adored—others whose charms purloined a portion of my time. And so the awakening came, it was in the form of a rival with temperamental moods, voluptuous form and dashing ways. This infidelity on my part thrilled Adelade like an electric shock. She was stunned at first and gazed at me with eyes in which were depicted wonderment and doubt. Then, as the truth dawned upon her, she clutched—wept—implored me to enter into my heart.

"Therefore to escape the inevitable I entered here. It was easy to prove the way, to prove that I was insane, to show that murder was in my heart. You know how it is—all men are insane, only in some the insanity is more pronounced. That is all the difference. Certain subjects and conditions excite us though we are rational upon all other points. I have over an eye; an eye that has been working the horrid canker of insanity into my soul. But here I will escape."

"But she did not forget—O heaven! she did not forget. Sealed lips set in a determination for revenge are more dangerous than paroxysms of rage, or overabundance of speech. I could have withstood both better than the unprecedent method she took to satisfy her unrequited love. Perverted her nature became—metamorphosed—turned into insatiable appetite. No outward sign was indicative of this—no word to that effect once dropped from her lips; but the cold gleam and steadfast look of her eyes which were ever upon me an opportunity offered, was proof of this, and impressed me more forcibly than language could speak."

"She followed me about, often came upon me in unexpected places and looked into my eyes. Simplicity gazed with an icy gleam and yet

BOY'S IDEA OF FITNESS.

Possibly He Had Been Reading "Muck Raker's" Stories.

The countess of Warwick, during her recent American tour, criticised American finance at a dinner in New York.

"I think," said the beautiful socialist, "that many of your financiers would rather be tremendously rich than tremendously honest. To my mind, it is a bad thing to put wealth before honor, before kindness, before uprightness. Surely—"

Here the countess smiled. "Surely it was to one of you very worst, and richest, financiers that a little boy applied, with success, for a position the other day."

"As the boy stood timidly, cap in hand, before the financier's desk, the latter leaned back in his chair, took his cigar from his mouth, and said:

"So you want to be my office boy, do you?"

"Yes, sir," said the lad, in a tremulous voice.

NEW IDEAS IN COOKERY.

Candied Citron and Banana Pie Are Both Recommended.

A novelty for the home candy maker is candied citron. Make it. Peel and core the citron and cut it into strips or cubes. Weigh the fruit, and to each pound of it allow a pound of granulated sugar and a teaspoonful of water. Put sugar and water into a porcelain-lined kettle and cook to a syrup, laying the citron in it as soon as the sugar is dissolved.

When the fruit is tender take it out of the kettle with a perforated spoon, and spread on a broad platter while you add a little ginger to the syrup, then boil it until it is thick.

Stir in a little lemon juice, return the citron to the kettle and stir until candied and thick with sugar, then drain and lay on platters to dry.

Banana pie is the latest for the pie weary. This does not mean that the fresh fruit is sliced up—it is a much richer fruit than this, and is made of evaporated bananas. They are treated like dried apples of old before being made up into pastry.

The evaporated bananas hold a dozen things for the house that gets tired of its bill of fare. Breakfast food, pancake flour and cookies with a dainty flavor all their own are made from the banana flour, "of which," say the cooking experts, "you can make anything that can be made of white flour." Banana fritters, which are dried in their own syrup, are a new form of the fruit to add to the Christmas preserve table, and banana syrup is put up as a rival of maple syrup in flavor.

Noted Boston cook has a trick of substituting flour for one of the eggs ordinarily required, to every quart of milk in a custard pudding.

The recipe calls for a quart of milk, four tablespoons of flour, three eggs, half a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of vanilla and half a cup of granulated sugar. Reserve half a cup of the milk and put the rest on the stove to boil. Mix the flour, after sifting, with the cold milk and gradually stir them into the boiling milk, taking care that lumps do not form. When thick add the egg yolks which should have been beaten with the sugar, salt and extract. Then take the boiler from the stove and add the butter. Put immediately into a baking dish just small enough to put inside of a pretty pudding dish when ready to serve. After baking cover with a meringue made with the whites of the eggs that were left over after making the pudding. Serve very cold.

Cooking Mushrooms.

Among the many different ways of preparing them there are two simple ones—broiled and sauteed—which prove best, on account of their retaining the mushroom's own flavor. In all instances cut the stem off close to the gills and peel the cap from edge to crown. If to be broiled cook them over a low fire, laying them upon an oyster broiler, placing the gills down for a few moments with a fork turn. Carefully scatter very little salt over them and previous to their getting tender, place a pit of butter in the center of each mushroom. In melting it will pass through the gills, improving them greatly. Serve on hot toast, which allows all of the mushroom flavor to come forth. In sautee place them in a saucepan with a trifle of butter—nothing else—cooking them, beneath a cover, about three-quarters of an hour over boiling water. The brown juice cooks out, which moistens the toast. Cream may be used. It is important to serve them hot, for a draft or chill is sure to spoil the best cooked dish.

Oyster Sauce.

Bring one pint of oysters to the boiling point in their own liquor; strain. Make a little stock with the giblets, neck and a few bits of veal; simmer and reduce the stock to one cupful. Melt one-fourth of a cupful of butter, add one-fourth of a cupful of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of strained oyster liquor, the chicken stock and simmer five minutes, then add the oysters, just bring to the boiling point, remove from the heat and add the well-beaten yolks of two eggs diluted with half a cupful of cream, reheat without boiling, add a tablespoonful of lemon juice, salt and pepper and a tablespoonful of butter in bits.

When Shoes Get Wet.

All shoes are ruined if wet too often, and poor shoes suffer most of all. If the shoes have been thoroughly wet don't try to dry them quickly. After removing them rub them with plain lard or vaseline and let them stand in a cool place until thoroughly dry, when they will have regained much of the original oil of the leather.

Effective Savory.

A delicious savory can be made by pounding together the yolks of hard-boiled eggs and sardines freed from bone (equal quantities) and lemon juice and salt to taste. Fill the whites with the mixture, stand on fried croutons of bread, put a tiny bit of whipped cream on top, and serve garnished with parsley.

A Shirt Economy.

Young mothers are much distressed to find baby's little shirt wears out with horrifying rapidity from frequent pinning.

If instead of bemoaning they would sew a piece of flannel or a strip of muslin at the bottom of the shirt right in the center of the back where it is pinned down they will be relieved to find the shirts last longer.

Plain Caramels.

One pound of brown sugar; one-quarter of a pound of chocolate; one pint of cream; one teaspoonful of butter; two tablespoons of molasses; boil for 30 minutes, stirring all the time. Test by dropping in cold water; flavor with vanilla; turn into pan and cut off in squares.

Bandages from Collars.

Do not throw away collars worn at the edge. They make excellent bandages. First soak out the starch and then tear into strips. Each collar makes four nice strips, which are always in readiness.

DIABOLO

WILL CATCH YOU IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT

DIABOLO AT FANCY DRESS PARTIES ARE AN ENGLISH IDEA WHICH AMERICA MAY SOON FOLLOW

IN SPINNING THE DIABOLO THE RIGHT ARM SHOULD WORK UP AND DOWN FROM THE SHOULDER WHILE THE LEFT SHOULD BE KEPT STILL

But such possibility as is suggested in our heading does not seem to strike terror into the hearts of the American public, rather does the latest court capture by this newest and yet oldest of games, Diabolo, for it is not as one might suppose a game of modern invention. It dates back several centuries, when it was first introduced into Europe from the Orient, where it had been a popular pastime for nobody knows how long. And was ever so innocent and wholesome a game sullied so ominously a name as Diabolo? To the superstitious or timid the name comes with a forbidding sound. But familiarity breeds contempt, and one forgets the name in the fascination of learning the intricacies of the game, about the only time that one is apt to think the name at all appropriate being when the ivory spool in spinning through the air cracks one's head instead of lighting upon the cord held out to receive it.

It is not certain just how Diabolo came by its name. It may have been expressive of the state of mind and feelings of the first European who tried to toss and catch the little double top, or it may have been that the uncertain motion of the spool through the air was suggestive of the evil spirit which is supposed to hover around the unwary soul. At any rate, Diabolo it was centuries ago when Henry III. of France was fascinated by the toy, and Diabolo it is to-day as it was then.

Away back at the dawn of the last century, to be exact, about 1812, when America and Great Britain were warring on the seas, all France got the Diabolo craze. Some benefactor of the Orient had dug up out of the files of the past a game he called "Le Diabolo." It is said by some to have been played in Europe 200 years before that, and others who go back still further find that it was known in China even centuries before. At any rate its absolute origin was not considered important enough to call for a monument to the inventor, so history merely brands it as an ancient pastime and lets it go at that.

The Frenchman who started the 1812 craze for Le Diabolo used two sticks, a bit of string connecting the tip of each, and a bobbin-like affair which he spun and tossed on the bridge of twine made by extending the sticks which he held one in each hand. France became so fatigued with the game that the craze inspired articles in the papers and cartoons are to be found in museums at Paris to this day.

According to C. B. Frey, the great English cricketer, a French engineer, M. Gustav Philappart, came across the ancient implements for "Le Diabolo" a few months ago. He took the old-fashioned bobbin and from it made a sort of two-headed top, cut with geometric care to make the game one of precision. Then he gave his discovery to the country and to the world, calling it "Diabolo," and the world to this day.

From Paris the revival of the game spread to London, and the British public, conservative in all things, looked at it with interest. Then King Edward saw some children playing it at a tennis court and the game was born.

When more than one play the spinning bobbin is tossed from one side to the other, over a net, like tennis, or across any given space.

VARIOUS RULES FOR LONGEVITY.

Prominent Frenchmen Have New Ideas as to Best Methods.

Galipaux, the French actor, laughs at the old precept of "early to bed and early to rise." How can a man do these things if he is an actor? And as to the advice to avoid disagreeable emotions, you might as well tell a man who has dyspepsia that the best way is to take no notice of it. Such is Galipaux's opinion; nevertheless he believes in a certain regularity of life.

He has his table set for dinner at seven o'clock. Even if he is not in the house the dinner is served as usual. He often finds the knowledge that the meal will be served at that hour without fail is an inducement to him to hurry home, when otherwise he would not trouble himself to do so.

Gunner—Hm! I guess he thinks drinking.

Crimsonback—Oh, well, I suppose that hadn't discovered that there is alcohol in potatoes then!—Yonkers Statesman.

Overhead in the Lunchroom.

Gunner—Yes, Harker always makes love to the pretty waitress. He says so doing so he gets better service.

Gunner—Hm! I guess he thinks love not only makes the world go round, but it also makes the waitress go round.—Chicago Daily News.

COBB AND WAGNER PREMIER BATTERS

DETROIT SLUGGER COMPARATIVE NOVICE, PITTSBURG MAN VETERAN AT GAME.

REMARKABLE RISE OF FORMER

In Two Years Has Jumped from Minor League to One of Greatest Players of the Day—"Hans" Leads Batters of National for Fifth Consecutive Season.

Inasmuch as Hans Wagner, of the Pirates, and Tyrus Cobb, of the Tigers, are the champion batsmen of the National and American leagues for the season of 1907, a little about the two men is not out of the way at this time. The following is from the pen of an eastern baseball writer:

"Some weeks ago the athletic director of a great university gave out an interesting interview on the various physical requirements necessary to the athlete who would excel in any of the great outdoor sports. He spoke of the short lower legs and strong ankles of the jumper; the long-muscled, clean-cut frame of the runner; the broad, sturdy frame of the football player, and so on. But when he came to baseball he threw up his hands. 'Baseball players are of all shapes, sizes and ages, and there is not the slightest warrant for naming anything but good health as an essential,' he said.

"Young Ty Cobb, champion hitter and hero of the American league, and the veteran Hans Wagner, who again distanced all comers for honors in the National league, seem to show the wisdom of the expert's views. Both men arrived at the same place, but by widely different methods. Cobb shares with Hal Chase the fame of being the most remarkable young player of the day, and Cobb's rise to first place was even more sensational than the Yankee stars. Coming from a very minor league, the Southern, in two years of big-league ball he is the most-talented player of the season. Besides leading the American league in batting, with an average of .352, the young Detroit player showed the veterans of the league how to steal bases, leading the list with 49 pilfered bags. Cobb was under 20 when he came to Detroit, and it was his business, by all big-league tradition, to walk softly for a couple of years and speak when spoken to. But he was made of other material. He was filled with an admirable conceit. He believed himself to be one of the best ball players in the country and he didn't intend losing any time in proving it.

"He began to bat and run bases as if he had a right to, and he fielded with a headlong aggressiveness that made him a bitter enemy to two on his own club, and finally wound up in a pitched battle with another outfielder of the Tigers. Cobb licked him and went on in the same old way. This year he was the sensation of baseball. His batting and base-running were the fan talk of eight cities. Of medium height, with a straight, clean and strong build, powerful, tapering legs, a quick, accurate eye, a wonderful throwing arm and, above all, a superior insolent temperament, himself he became the greatest ball player of the league but little more than a boy.

"Big, awkward, conscientious, good-natured Hans Wagner, steady and strong in his years of baseball lore, greatest ball player in the country, is the direct antithesis of young Cobb. So much has been written for years of the virtues and ability of the great Pirate shortstop that even his recapitulation is almost superfluous. This year, however, he accomplished one feat that adds to his honors. He established a new record for long batting success on the diamond, this being the fifth year that he has held the National league title. He won the batting championship with a mark of .350 and the base-running honors with 61 stolen bases.

"He is just behind Cobb in batting, and far ahead in base-running on the year. No one ever saw anything graceful or picturesque about Wagner on the diamond. His movements have been likened to the gambols of a caracol elephant. He is ungainly and so bowlegged that when he runs his limbs seem to be moving in a circle, after the fashion of a propler. But he can run like the wind. When he starts after a grounder every outlying portion of his anatomy apparently has ideas of its own about the proper line of direction to be taken. His position at the bat is less awkward and the muscular swing of his great arms and shoulders is strong enough to drive the ball farther than most batters who hit from their toe spikes up. Experts do not agree that Wagner is the greatest shortstop in the game to-day, but there is no question that he is the greatest all-round player of this or probably any other season."

Forward Pass Unpopular.

From every section of America comes a great chorus of opposition to the forward pass as it is working this year. There seems to be almost universal dissatisfaction with it. The general complaint is that it is too fluky. It leaves too much to chance. And if it is developed it must be at the expense of more popular features of the game. It is making the game too much like basketball, and tends to do away with kicking and brilliant scrimmaging work. It seems almost certain that some change will be made in the rules next season, owing to the wretchedness of the forward pass.

What Changed Them.

Yeast—I see that previous to 1760 the French would not eat potatoes, it was supposed that they would cause drinking.

Crimsonback—Oh, well, I suppose that hadn't discovered that there is alcohol in potatoes then!—Yonkers Statesman.

Iowa Will Retain Catlin.

Marc Catlin will remain another year as coach of the Iowa university eleven. University athletes are rejoicing over the retention of the old Chicago star, who has decided to make good during his term of service. Catlin will continue the study of law in the university and the board of control of athletics seems disposed to hold him indefinitely.

Burr to Captain Harvard.

Francis Harden Burr, '09, of Brooklyn, Mass., has been elected unanimously captain of the Harvard football eleven. Burr is a graduate of Phillips-Andover. He is 21 years of age and is 6 feet 1 1/2 inches in height.

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